

# ... THE ...

# Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii: 32.

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## THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

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Roman Catholics and their conversion  
to Evangelical Christianity.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN the last verses of the last chapter of the Gospel of Matthew Jesus said to His disciples, Go and teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

The Philippine Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Canaries, and even Spain itself are nations where the Gospel has not been preached. Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation for those countries; and now is the time for American Christians to teach those nations the Way of Life that has been a blessing to themselves.

Since our Lord gave His commission to the first disciples there has not been a more glorious opportunity for carrying the good news of salvation to those who never heard it than the present time affords. Let Christians pray and work, give money and send men to those countries that have been made desolate by Spanish rule and Rome rule, and great will be the harvest of souls. Individual Christians as well as Mission Boards can take part in the work. Christ's Mission will do its part in providing men for the field.

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#### The "Faculties" of Priests.

What is known as a license to preach in the various evangelical denominations is termed "faculties" to young priests in the Roman Catholic Church. Like the certificates of some universities and colleges these faculties are invariably in Latin. Nearly all of the priests who have come to Christ's Mission and renounced the faith of Rome have brought their faculties with them—portentous documents not always couched in classical language.

This month we print the faculties of a young priest who first came to us two years ago, and who last year entered upon a secular calling where he has won distinction. As will be seen by the document we publish (and of which we have given a translation) he was a member of the Capuchin Order, and was highly esteemed by his ecclesiastical superiors. He was a master of several languages, and we shall urge him to study Spanish, which he can easily acquire, in order to be ready for mission work in the Philippines when our Government is in full control of those islands.

#### Missionaries for Spanish Colonies.

Last month important conferences were held in this city by the Boards of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church and of the Methodist Episcopal Church to consider plans for sending out missionaries to the Philippine Islands and to Cuba and Porto Rico when the American Flag is raised over those countries. We hope the American Board and the Baptist Missionary Society will also take part in this good work. Committees have been appointed, and if the members can be brought together during the summer it is hoped there will be no delay in forwarding the cause of Christ in those lands where there is as much ignorance of the true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent to redeem the world as there is in

Africa or China. There is not one Protestant missionary in the Philippines, which contain a population estimated at from eight to ten millions. "A few years ago," says the *Missionary Review*, of which the Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson is the editor in chief, and his son, Rev. D. L. Pierson, the managing editor, "the British and Foreign Bible Society sent a colporteur and a converted priest to the Philippines. The priest was killed, the Bibles confiscated, and the colporteur was obliged to flee for his life." The time has come in the providence of God for America to carry the good news of salvation to those people, while establishing civil and religious liberty in the Spanish colonies. Many converted priests will go there, even at the risk of their lives.

#### Zeal for the Conversion of Catholics.

It is a sign of grace divine that priests who have been delivered from the awful pagan superstitions of Romanism should earnestly desire to set their brethren free from the same bondage. "My heart's desire and prayer to God," says Paul to the Romans, "is that Israel (my people) might be saved, for I bear them record that they have a zeal of God." So does every converted Catholic pray for his brethren who are without Christ while they are in spiritual bondage to popes and priests. Like the Jews (of whom Paul speaks) the Roman Catholics have a zeal of God, "but it is not according to knowledge." This knowledge the Holy Spirit will give them when they turn to Christ for salvation. Converted priests can be leading factors in such work, and the Missionary Boards will do well to use them when well qualified. The Baptist Society in sending to Mexico Mr. McGovern, the Paulist who was converted at Christ's Mission, shows its appreciation of such converts for work in Roman Catholic countries.

Send this Magazine to Catholics.

The Paulists Fathers, whose special mission is to "convert" Protestants to Romanism, send their magazine, the *Catholic World*, to Protestant institutions and seminaries. They ask and obtain subscriptions for this purpose from Catholics and Protestants. It would be a good thing to send THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC to Roman Catholic colleges and seminaries, as well as to the Young Mens' Christian Association reading rooms and the libraries of Protestant educational institutions, where it will be generally read. This could be done at the rate of fifty cents a year. THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC and the Paulists' magazine would go well together in the same reading rooms.

Bishop Potter on Corrigan.

The Roman Catholics of this country are under many religious and racial difficulties. An instance occurred at the meeting of the charitable societies of the United States held in this city on May 19, when Bishop Potter, intending to pay a compliment to Archbishop Corrigan, really gave him a slap in the face regarding "Papal infallibility." The good Protestant Bishop said:

I confess I am profoundly thankful to Archbishop Corrigan for striking so high and fine a note at the outset of this meeting. It makes me agree with the testimony in regard to his race, which I received this morning from one of the clergy of my own diocese. He was passing through his kitchen not long ago and happened to hear his Irish cook violently berating an Italian. After the Italian, or "dago," as she called him, had vanished out of the alley gate the rector felt it his duty to rebuke the cook and to remind her that Italians were people to be treated with respect, if for no other reason on her part than that the Pope himself was an Italian, "And you know, Bridget," said he, "he is infallible." "Yes," said Bridget, "but he would have been ten times as infallible if he had been an Irishman."

## CHRIST'S MISSION WORK.

A PASTORAL NOTE.

This has been the best year in the work of Christ's Mission. More souls have been saved, more hearts have been comforted and strengthened, and more of the debt on the Mission has been paid than in any other year. But the next year ought to be, with earnest prayer, better than this in every way, spiritual and temporal. The guidance of the Holy Spirit is promised to all who labor for the salvation of souls, and we may expect a continuance of His blessing in this special work. The material progress of the work has also been blessed by Almighty God, and He has used His people of all denominations as His instruments. Now they can advance the work very materially by paying off the debt of \$4,750 that remains on the Mission building. That burden should be lifted this season. Next September I enter upon the twentieth year of my work as an evangelist and pastor in this city. That would be a good time, a most opportune time, to cancel this debt of \$4,750. Who will do it? Let the readers of this note answer the question in the manner they best can afford. If they have money, in large or small sums, for the cause of Christ, here is an opportunity of putting it to good use.

The opportunities for extending this work are greater than ever. Experience has given wisdom in conducting it, and larger means of pushing it forward will make it more successful.

As will be seen, the debt is now only \$4,750. It was \$5,000 a month ago, but a kind friend has given \$250 that reduces it to \$4,750. That \$750 ought to be received this month of July, so that I could announce in August that the debt is only \$4,000. The work is prayerfully commended to all Christians.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

## SERVICES IN CHRIST'S MISSION.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PASTOR.

**A**LL of the services last month were deeply interesting. There were many speakers at the different meetings and the congregations were large. Pastor O'Connor presided at every service, and though he did not preach, he made frequent reference to the war with Spain, emphasizing his belief that it was God's way of opening up the Spanish colonies, and even Spain itself, to the Gospel of Christ that can save even the Spaniards, who have been guilty of every form of cruelty and have been a curse to the human race.

#### Address by Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer.

Sunday evening, June 12, Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer delivered an address in the chapel of Christ's Mission. There was a large audience present while the gifted lady spoke of her Christian experience. It was clear to everyone that God must have held a very sacred place in her life. Divine fellowship was an essential element in her being. Guidance of the Holy Spirit was her daily meditation. The infinite love of God manifested in the gift of Jesus Christ was her all absorbing thought. Personal union with God through Christ was the whole of her religion. She felt a particular interest in the work of Christ's Mission. No department of Christian work, she said, deserved more interest than the spread of the Gospel among Roman Catholics. It is a blessed thing to lead others out of darkness into light. Every Christian should be a preacher and teacher of the Word of God. When the followers of the Lord realize their duties and responsibilities in this matter America will be won for Christ. Every zealous Christian will be filled with the power of the Holy Ghost.

In most tender tones Mrs. Cramer re-

ferred to the career of her great brother, General Ulysses S. Grant. During the eight years that he was President of the United States she was absent from this country most of the time with her husband, the late Rev. Dr. Cramer, who had been Minister from this country to Denmark and Switzerland.

Although Mrs. Cramer knew that her brother's disease was fatal, she expected to reach this country from abroad before his death. But as she came up the bay, and observed the flags on all the shipping at half mast, she knew that her brother had gone to the eternal home. It was then, she said, that she experienced the greatest calm and sweetest peace of her life, for she had heard the Divine Voice speaking to her soul, "I am with thee." This calm and this peace that passeth understanding can be the portion of every one who surrenders completely to Jesus Christ as Saviour. He will send us the Comforter in our hour of trial.

In closing her beautiful address Mrs. Cramer again expressed her sympathy with the work of Christ's Mission, and prayed that Pastor O'Connor's hands might be strengthened and the work adequately sustained. A great field is opening up in our country and in the Spanish colonies which we must retain for a work like this, where Roman Catholics, and especially priests, are nurtured in the Word of God and taught the beauty of holiness by personal experience.

After Mrs. Cramer's address Rev. Frank Rogers Morse, D. D., of Calvary Baptist Church, this city, a true and loyal friend of this movement for many years, spoke in eulogistic terms of the work of Christ's Mission and the loving Christian spirit that Mr. O'Connor had manifested in conducting it.

**A Converted Paulist's Address.**

Sunday evening, June 5, the Rev. James T. McGovern, the former member of the Paulist Society, was introduced by Pastor O'Connor, and delivered an address on his reasons for leaving the Roman Catholic Church and his conversion at Christ's Mission two years ago. He said:

It affords me great pleasure to be here this evening. I owe everything to Christ's Mission, for it has been my spiritual birth place. When I came here two years ago Pastor O'Connor received me with that loving kindness which is so characteristic of all true servants of God.

Like all intelligent priests who have been trained in the theology of the Roman Catholic Church, I had but a philosophical notion of religion. Reason and logic would not allow me to remain a member of the Church of my childhood, and my knowledge of the Bible would not countenance my stay in the Church of my fathers. What to do was the great question in my mind. I knew full well that Romanism was false; but it was not enough to forsake the false and erroneous; I must have the good and the true.

It was in this crisis in my spiritual life that the Rev. James A. O'Connor came to my rescue and opened up a new vista before me. Although I had read the Bible in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, its simple plan of salvation was unknown to me. It was an enigma. Pastor O'Connor in his clear and forcible way revealed hidden secrets and precious truths from the Word of God of which I had never before any conception. It seems to me as if I had never thought on the subject of religion before. It was then that God truly seemed to me a Father and Jesus Christ a personal Saviour to whom I might go in all my trouble and with all my sins

for consolation and forgiveness. The following passages of Scripture, so often quoted by Pastor O'Connor, made an indelible impression on my mind:

"God is love.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

"God commendeth His love towards us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

"There is one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

"If any man sin we have advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

"By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves—it is the gift of God.

"The Spirit of God beareth witness with our spirits that we are children of God.

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.

"It is God who justifies the ungodly.

"I know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

After I had listened to Mr. O'Connor's evangelical preaching for some time I could readily see what was the simplest, plainest and clearest way of salvation. Then I could study the Bible in a new light and with great profit to my soul. The Holy Spirit guided me out of darkness into the light of the Gospel, and now I am a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things have passed away, and behold all things are become new. I learned that on the question of religion God must be obey-



ed rather than man. Hence I embraced the evangelical faith preached here in this Mission and in every church where Jesus Christ is exalted as Prophet, Priest and King.

Goodness and mercy have followed me since I made this decision. When by study I learned that the religion of Christ should be separated from the kingdoms of this world, I resolved to make my church home with the Baptists, and as the work of Christ's Mission is undenominational, my friend and brother, Pastor O'Connor, gave me a letter of introduction to the Rev. Dr. Faunce, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, who was pleased to recommend me to the church for membership. After I was received the desire to preach the Gospel, which had been constantly growing ever since the love of Christ entered my heart in this Mission, took possession of me, and God opened the way for me to go to Crozer Seminary at Chester, Pennsylvania, to prepare for the ministry. When I returned from the seminary the first of June, through the kindness of Dr. Faunce and Mr. O'Connor, and the co operation of the Baptist Home Mission Society, the desire of my heart was gratified to carry the glad tidings of salvation that had done so much for me and had transformed my life, to those who are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, even as I was myself. And so I hope soon to go as a missionary to Mexico.

I am not quite a stranger to Mexican ways and customs, for I was born in California, which was originally occupied by the Mexicans, and if I do not know all that could be desired about them, I am young enough to learn, for I am only thirty-one years old. Though I had spent seven years with the Paulist Fathers as a member of their society, my training as an American boy has stood me in good stead when I resolved to leave them. So, thank God, I am free

from them and their deceptions and superstitions, and am a free man in Christ Jesus. I ask the prayers of this congregation that God might bless me more and more in the consecration I have made of my body, soul and spirit in His service, and that He might abundantly bless Christ's Mission where so many other Roman Catholics have been delivered from superstition and have found the sure way of life in Jesus Christ our Saviour.

### **Disintegration of the Paulist Society.**

BY REV. JAMES T. MCGOVERN.

Sunday, June 19, Mr. McGovern delivered another address at the services in Christ's Mission in which he referred to his former associates in the Paulist Society as follows:

The Paulist Fathers of this city, who by their "Missions to Non-Catholics" aim at the "conversion" of Protestants to Romanism, belong to the liberal wing of the Roman Church in America. But in spite of their liberality and Americanism they seem unable to keep their most prominent men from leaving their ranks and becoming either secular priests or Protestant ministers. Since their foundation in 1858 they have lost more than a score of their most learned and eloquent preachers.

Among those whom the Paulists in recent years have lost I may mention the following eminent ecclesiastics:

Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D. D., bishop of South Dakota.

After leaving the Paulists Dr. O'Gorman was chosen Professor of Church History in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. When I was a Paulist I heard the ruling spirits among them frequently say that Dr. O'Gorman could never become a bishop because he had left their community and joined the secular clergy; but he became a bishop in spite of them.

They antagonize every man that leaves them. But it does not occur to them that such a course will only make their Order odious in the sight of every decent secular priest. What is worse for them when they oppose such men of learning and character as the present bishop of South Dakota, they may expect defeat and, in time, complete overthrow. The mitre, crozier, signet-ring, pectoral-cross, with the rest of the episcopal paraphernalia place Bishop O'Gorman far above all the Paulists in the land.

The Rev. Louis A. Lambert, L.L. D., author of "Notes on Ingersall," the best reply ever given to that notorious agnostic, was once a Paulist priest, but could not remain with them. In him they lost a scholar, a philosopher and a theologian. He is now editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and the Paulists receive scant courtesy from his pen.

The Rev. J. J. Keane was once a devoted Paulist. He left in quest of larger freedom, though I cannot say he has found it. He is at present one of the most eminent priests in the archdiocese of St. Paul, Minn., of which John Ireland is the famous archbishop. Father Keane is one of the few immovable rectors in the United States. Besides being Promotor Fiscalis of the archdiocese, he is also a member of two educational boards.

Rev. J. A. Fanning, D. D., a graduate of the Roman College of the Propaganda, once wore the habit of the Paulist community. He is now a secular priest.

Rev. A. Vassal, S. T. L., of the Catholic University, left the Paulists for the secular priesthood less than three years ago. He won his degree with the highest honors. He was ordained by Pope Pius IX., and was too good a man to continue with the Paulists.

Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., of New York City, well remembers his sad experience as a Paulist. He is now rec-

tor of St. Agnes' Church on East Forty-third street, and is such a close friend of Archbishop Corrigan's that he expects to succeed him in the archiepiscopal chair. Should his wishes be realized, it will be a sore day for the Paulists.

The Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, of Albany, was one of the original Paulists. He is now a secular priest, honored and respected, which would not be the case had he remained among the queer Paulists. Father Walworth belongs to one of the most prominent families in New York State, his father having been the famous lawyer so well known as Chancellor Walworth.

A priest, who is now in Boston and well known in certain circles that are not of the highest standing, was also a Paulist. His unhappiness began when he was with the men on West Fifth-ninth street. We learn from the Editor of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC that one of his assistants came to Christ's Mission a few years ago, and had much to say of this Paulist which was not of a complimentary kind to the Society that seeks to "convert" Protestants to the evil ways of Rome.

These are a few of the Paulist Fathers who have become secular priests.

The number of ecclesiastical students who entered their society but withdrew before they became priests is much larger. Two years ago four students from the General Theological Seminary (Protestant Episcopal) of this city joined the Paulists, but after a few months' experience of the inside life of the queer society all of them withdrew from it. Also the names of Whittaker, Ludlow, Lacock, O'Neill, Holley, Schneider, Clapp, Dunn, Middleton, Argo, Charles Waldron, Daniel Kiernan, Thomas Cummings and Thomas A. Dwyer (the latter is now a Universalist minister), are known to the Paulists as their brightest young men, who were my classmates, but left them as I did.

## THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST FOR THE SPANISH COLONIES.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. R. S. MACARTHUR, D. D., IN CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1898.

Behold, My servant, whom I uphold; Mine elect, in whom My soul delighteth; I have put My Spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the Isles shall wait for His law.—Isaiah 42.

### GOD'S VICTORY IN MANILA BAY.

**I**F we listen well we shall hear above the booming of cannon, the sighs of the defeated and the shouts of the victorious in Manila Bay, the voice of God saying: "As I was with Moses, so shall I be with thee, O heroic Commander Dewey. No Spanish ship shall long stand before thee, thou leader of victorious Americans, in this triumph of humanity, of liberty, and of true Christianity." It is not too much to say that no battle was ever fought between the Israelites and the Canaanites, or any other foes of Israel's God and God's Israel, whose history is recorded in the Bible, which gives more marked evidence of God's presence, power and approval than the battle in Manila Bay. If the record of that battle were found in the Bible, the account showing that all of the enemy's ships were sunk or disabled, that hundreds of the enemy were killed and many hundreds more wounded, and that not an American ship was destroyed or seriously injured, and not an American life lost, every destructive critic of the Bible, and many critics who are esteemed orthodox, would promptly affirm that the story was absolutely incredible. They would have declared without qualification that its statements were colored, if not created, by writers prejudiced in favor of Israel and of God; they would have challenged contradiction in their declarations that the story was an interpolation,

or at least an unpardonable exaggeration, and written long after the alleged occurrence of the events, and written when legend rather than sober history dominated the thought and controlled the affirmation of the writer.

This is not an overstatement of what would have occurred had the record of this battle been found in the Bible. We ought to remember that God has never abdicated the throne of the universe, and that the pierced hand of Jesus Christ is still upon its helm. From His watch tower in the heavens He is directing all its movements. We lose much by separating unduly, and so unwisely and unrighteously, between what we call secular and sacred events and histories. To the truly devout soul there is no secular history in the sense that it is a history apart from the immediate presence, power and purpose of God. All life is sacred; all events are divine in their control, and all movements are beneficent in their ultimate purpose.

### THE PHILIPPINES RUINED BY PRIESTS.

The pitiful condition of these islands called loudly for help from the American people. It is almost impossible for us to exaggerate the deplorable misgovernment of Spain in these islands. Many portions of them have never been explored; their great treasures have been neglected, and their people are sunk in ignorance and misery. Friars, recruited from the lowest, most ignorant and most debased classes in Spain, are the virtual rulers over great portions of the Philippines; they practically combine the functions of civil rulers and religious tyrants. The character of the population and certain phases of the civilization on the islands are the result of the



priests' rule. Other priests are in the islands of a higher order, who wage honorable ecclesiastical warfare with these vicious friars.

The Governor-General's palace is in Manila. His salary is said to be \$40,000, but his office costs the colony at least half a million dollars annually. It is positively affirmed that Weyler made \$6,000,000 out of his various perquisites and unlawful oppressions during his term of office. Subordinate officers nominally have \$600 a year, but they are known to make at least \$60,000. The stealings are simply enormous. Honesty, patriotism and worthy character are virtually unknown among the cruel Spanish governors and other officials. During the three centuries of Spanish misrule few internal improvements have been made; few roads have been built, and if a bridge is destroyed, it is not rebuilt. The Spanish rulers are controlled by avarice, dominated by cruelty and carried away by religious fanaticism. These islands might be a very garden of paradise, the richest and most prosperous portion of the globe. There is only one railway, that from Manila to Daugpin, 123 miles long, built by British enterprise and capital. There are marvelous opportunities for American manufacturers.

#### GRIEVANCES OF THE PEOPLE.

The native population of perhaps 8,000,000 is divided into 180 tribes, each speaking its own dialect and possessing its own customs. There is much difference of opinion as to the racial connections of many of these tribes, but they are probably of Malay extraction, except the Negritos. These latter are the descendants of the aborigines and are a dwarfish, ugly and stupid race of African connection. Many of the Malays in the interior are only semi-civilized. The chief element of the native population are the so called Tagal-

as. These are mostly Romanists in religion, although among them there are some Mohammedan believers, with a Sultan under the Governor-General. There are also the Mestizos, half-caste Spaniards and half-caste Chinese; originally the insurgents were mostly of the half-caste Chinese, and so the other half-caste peoples had comparatively little sympathy with these insurrections. Originally the natives were a law-abiding people, and were gentle, amiable and hospitable to an unusual degree. But the cruelties of the Spaniards have transformed them into savage foes, so that they now are well-nigh as brutal as their satanic masters. In 1896 there was organized a revolutionary society of perhaps 50,000 members. The orders from Madrid were that no mercy should be shown to prisoners, and the result was that captives on both sides were mutilated, smothered and burned. Thumb screws and other fearful tortures of the Inquisition were again employed. The forty days of public labor required of the people is a serious grievance; and the rulers have also power to confiscate property without redress on the part of the people. The taxation at all times is simply terrible. The friars are the agents of the government in many of these cruel exactions. The rebellion led by Aguinaldo is a rebellion as truly against the Roman Church as against the Spanish state. The people demand representation in the Spanish National Parliament; reforms in the land and tax systems, and a curtailment of the civil power of the friars.

#### THE DUTY OF AMERICA.

We cannot be indifferent to the providence of God, which has brought the American Republic into contact with the Philippine Islands. A new era has dawned upon the American people; an epoch of worldwide influence has opened for our great Republic. This is a

war between widely differing civilizations. It is a war between ignorance, bigotry and superstition on the one side, and intelligence, liberty and a true Christianity on the other side. Out of Spain's nearly 18,000,000 population well-nigh 12,000,000 are illiterate. It is a war between Latinism and Anglo-Saxonism; it is a war between medievalism and modernism; it is a war between the sixteenth and twentieth centuries; it is a war between the most despicable civilization of modern times and the most Christian civilization of all times. It is the Inquisition of Torquemada and the tyranny of Alva and Weyler against civil and religious liberty in their fullest manifestation at the close of the nineteenth century. Spain has proved unfit to control any of her colonies. Her hands are slippery with blood, and her heart is black with tyranny. She is still the Spain of Charles V., who expressed in his retirement in the monastery of San Yuste his deepest regret that he did not burn Luther at Worms. It is still the Spain of Philip II., who persecuted Moors, Jews and Protestants with satanic cruelty. It is still the Spain of the imbecile Philip III., who banished half a million of his noblest subjects. God is making the American Republic the rod of his anger to chastise this guilty nation.

The Anglo-Saxon race is marching forward to the conquest of the world. Great Britain and the United States, under God, can control the destinies of the human race; a triumphant Anglo-Saxondom can speak the masterful word on all continents and among all peoples. An alliance of friendship and fellowship between Great Britain and the United States, not as a menace to any people, but as a benediction to all peoples, will be the crowning glory of the closing years of the nineteenth century. Henceforth the beautiful daughter shall nobly stand by her queenly

mother. The Anglo-Saxon is the great colonizing race; it is also the great missionary race. Britain's rule in Egypt and in India has brought untold blessings to many tribes and peoples; her "far-flung battle line" is the symbol of peaceful possession and prosperous enterprise. We need not hesitate loyally to take our place by her side.

The heroic days of the American Republic are still to come. Problems greater than those of which Washington or Lincoln ever dreamed are now demanding solution. We want statesmen who can stand beside John Bright and Gladstone, and beside the noblest Americans whose names shine as stars in the firmament of our history.

#### REDEEM THE ISLANDS.

God is calling us now to new duties in the Philippines. What shall we do with those islands? We must fully conquer them and then maintain order within their borders. This latter duty will not be easy because of the heterogeneous populations, the religious bigotry and the racial antipathies there found. But the American Republic can perform every duty to which Divine Providence calls us as a people. The Nation that sailed over stormy seas and founded on the inhospitable shores of New England the noblest civilization of the world; the Nation that grew from feebleness to gigantic strength against every form of opposition, winning independence from the mother country and proving itself worthy of that independence; the Nation that slew the monster slavery in a terrible baptism of blood in civil war, and its twin monster Mormonism without resort to the arbitrament of the sword; the Nation that has united all its sections into a compact enthusiastic and patriotic people, knowing no North, no South, no East, no West, but massing all its forces against Spain, the foe of civil and religious lib-

erty, will not shrink from any task, however great, to which God clearly calls the American people. Never did a nation in its army and navy receive more signal tokens of God's approval than the American people in the war now in progress.

#### MISSIONARIES FOR THE PHILIPPINES.

We dare not give the Philippine Islands back to Spain. To do so would be to defeat in large part one of the great objects for which the war was begun. Here a great missionary problem calls us to activity; here an immense territory is open for occupation; here are millions of people to whom the name of Christianity is synonymous with Romanism and with civil and religious oppression. Never did a nation have a greater responsibility; never a nation a more glorious opportunity. We must hold on to these islands until they are civilized and Christianized. I call for a hundred missionaries to go at once to the Philippine Islands! They can be found, and they will be speedily on their way.

The great missionary societies must rise at once to the sublime opportunity which God has given us in these islands. We shall make them one of the brightest jewels in the crown of the conquering Christ. When they are thoroughly Christianized we may, perhaps, be ready to exchange them with Great Britain for the Bermudas and other British possessions on this side of the world. But we give Germany and all other nations fair warning that we cannot surrender the responsibility which the God of Nations has laid upon us until we perform our obligations alike to God and the world.

The American people must rise in heroic courage and sublime faith to the new duties belonging to our new relations. These new problems will develop new resources on the part of our peo-


ple. Our glorious Republic shall stand as the modern Colossus, with one foot in America and the other in Asia. These new problems will lead us away from the schemes of petty politicians who are seeking simply place and power. They will tend to the development of true civil service reform, of a virile statesmanship and of a world-wide Americanism. We must not listen to the teaching of certain doctrinaires who would give America a Chinese isolation and stagnation. Their language is that of lotus eaters rather than that of men inspired by American patriotism and Christian evangelism. As a result of this war there will come civil and religious liberty in the Philippines, in Cuba, and finally in Spain and throughout the world. Wrong shall not be forever on the throne, and right forever on the scaffold!

#### Spain's Riches.

If Spain really wants to keep up the fight and can get funds in no other way, she might turn to her cathedrads. When she was at the zenith of her power the cathedrads became the receptacles of vast wealth, and for the most part that wealth remains to-day. There are many chapels that to the depth of two inches are worth their weight in gold. Not only are the mosaics that cover the walls of very high value, but the shrines are loaded with rare ornaments, and in many cases with precious stones of great size and worth. A chapel in the great Cathedral of Sevilla has a Virgin lighted by a huge emerald fixed in the roof above the head, and the garments of the Virgin and saints have jewels sewed on them. Here, then, are untold riches, but a country could be far gone indeed to make use of so sacred relics for carrying on an unholy war. At present they are rigorously guarded.—*New York Press, May 30, 1898.*

**ROME AND RECENT EVENTS.**

BY REV. FRANCIS WATRY, ALTURAS, CAL.

 NE of the results of the war between this country and Spain will be a clearer insight into the nature and character of Roman Catholicism. That this is so we have every reason to rejoice. Whatever helps us to a better understanding of a thing is of value. If that thing be good and acceptable, we are attracted to it for our good; if it be evil and reprehensible, we are warned against its influence. And "to be forewarned is to be forearmed." And those of us who understand the Roman system more fully rejoice in the fact that it is continually being made manifest to the world, and especially to the American people, in a manner unlooked for by its friends and undreamt of by its opponents. The hand of the Lord is slowly, but surely, withdrawing the veil.

No nation was ever moved to go to war with another nation for a cause so noble and a motive so exalted as this country had in declaring war against Spain. That seems to have been so well understood that for many weeks previous to the actual declaration of war the tide of enlightened public opinion in favor of driving the Spaniard from the scene of his intolerable cruelties had become well-nigh irresistible. But leading Roman ecclesiastics among us either could not, or would not, see that. One of them informed the Pope that it would all end with a few warlike speeches in the Senate, showing thereby his utter inability to understand the temper of our people or to appreciate the motive that impelled them to go to war. Another one induced the Pope to proffer his services to this country to bring about a peaceful solution of the difficulty between it and Spain. This attempt at meddling in affairs that were none of his met with a well deserved rebuke, and the old gentleman at Rome

crawled back into his shell, having shown our people his unspeakable arrogance and his undying ambition to lord it over all, even the youngest and strongest and fairest of the nations of the world. Uncle Sam needs neither advice nor assistance from Rome. When the Deweys are all dead it will be time enough to take pity on us and offer assistance. Leo XIII. now realizes that it was an unwise and unfortunate move for him and his cause to meddle in this affair. He was badly advised.

Another ecclesiastic, Archbishop Ireland, whose self-conceit is as boundless as the sea, went to Washington for the purpose of preventing the President and the Senate from declaring war against "the most Catholic nation in the world," and so bold and defiant were his movements that the cry of "traitor" went up against him in the Nation's capital. It is hardly necessary to say that he left Washington in great haste. But even though he escaped without being roughly handled, he has taught our people that in the hour of need a Roman ecclesiastic, no matter where he hails from, cannot be trusted.

The Pope himself expected to make a deep impression upon us by declaring that he wished he might have died without being obliged to witness the awful carnage and loss of human lives necessarily connected with this war. But people had very good reasons for questioning the sincerity of his motives. They did not believe that he was really so tender-hearted and humane. If suffering and dying humanity did indeed touch his heart, how comes it that he could calmly and indifferently behold more than 200,000 innocent and defenceless people die of starvation in Cuba amid horrors unspeakable? Why not a word of protest against the awful deeds of these Spanish murderers at the side of which even the unspeakable Turk fades into insignificance? We

have a right to press this question all the more for the reason that both the murderers and the victims were Roman Catholics who look to him as their common spiritual father. His influence upon a Catholic nation like Spain is literally boundless, and he could have prevented the Cuban horrors by commanding Spain to deal humanely with these poor and downtrodden people. But no; the groans of the dying seem to reach his ear and touch his heart only when American guns are booming forth their righteous indignation in tones that make the thrones of tyrants of every name tremble the world over. Leo's tenderheartedness is a sham too apparent to deceive anybody who is worth deceiving.

Then comes the news of almost incredible treachery on the part of priests and sisters of charity on the spot where Dewey won his wonderful victory. These came to Dewey after the battle in solemn procession, clad in their religious garbs, bearing crosses and banners, and begged him not to massacre the sick and the wounded. Of course, that request was altogether unnecessary. But when Dewey declared that all would be safe from attack the priests and sisters appeared exceedingly thankful to him, and in return for his kindness informed him that of the two channels leading into the bay the narrow one was not mined, while the broad one was fully mined and very dangerous. Dewey had the good sense to mistrust them, and to order an investigation to be made. It was found that the information they had volunteered was a deliberate falsehood. The narrow channel was found fully mined. Had he believed and trusted them the Maine tragedy might have been duplicated over there. Such is the treachery of the disciples of Rome! Some of us might learn from this to keep our eyes open always and everywhere.

It is not pleasant to relate these things. Nor do they make pleasant reading. On the contrary, they are among the unpleasant danger-signals. There are breakers ahead of us. Heaven mercifully shows us where they are and what they are. If we will, however, persistently close our eyes and lull ourselves into a deep sleep, there will be some day a rude awakening.

And now comes the Boston *Congregationalist*, which declares that "official, mediæval religion is doomed in Cuba. A new regime will call for a new, a Biblical faith." No doubt, that is true. But if under a new and acceptable order of things in Cuba "official, mediæval religion is doomed," why should it not be likewise doomed in this country where the "new regime" hoped for in Cuba is so well established? And indeed it would be doomed if Rome did not succeed so well in concealing from us her real character. But so successful is Rome in hiding the trickery of Jacob under the outward appearance of Esau that nearly all our leading men and women are being more or less misled in their estimate concerning her. And herein lies our danger. If they could but understand that Rome is essentially always and everywhere the same, unchanging and unchangeable, until in the order of the divine evolution of things she must go to her place, the near future would look brighter. God grant that recent events may not have come to pass in vain!

#### FATHER WATRY'S PAMPHLET.

We hope our readers will send 10 cents to Rev. Francis Watry, Alturas, California, for his admirable pamphlet, "From the Roman Catholic Altar to the Protestant Pulpit." The extracts from it that we have published in this magazine should whet the appetite of our readers for a perusal of the book itself. They will read every word of it and thank us for directing their attention to it.



## ROMAN CATHOLIC AND BUDDHIST MONKS.

BY FATHER AUGUSTINE BAUMANN OF THE PASSIONIST ORDER.

ROMAN Catholic monks do not like to be told that they have a close resemblance to the Buddhist brethren. In fact any insinuation of the kind is looked upon by them as a mortal insult. They want to monopolize all the glory of being monks, and in their desire to do so they completely ignore the fact that Brahmins and Buddhists have been many centuries before them. A thousand years before the first cenobite went to the desert in the West, monasteries had been built and were in a flourishing condition in the East.

The similarity between the two institutions is very striking. Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist monks, bears a close resemblance to Saint Anthony, the founder of monasticism in Egypt. We read that when Buddha tore himself away from his family, relations and friends, and undertook to lead an austere life of solitude and meditation he had to struggle for years against *Mara*, or the Evil One. At last this persecution became so terrible that he was on the point of being conquered. A Buddhist account says: "Fiends and demons swarmed about him; they appeared in the form of fearful monsters, furies, vampires, and hobgoblins armed to the teeth with every implement of destruction. Their million faces were frightful to behold, their limbs were encircled by myriads of serpents, and their heads were enveloped in a blaze of fire; they surrounded Buddha and assaulted him in a thousand different ways, missiles of all kinds were hurled at him, and poison showered down upon him; but his constancy changed them into flowers and the fire became his halo."

This account is paralleled by a similar one recorded in the life of Saint An-

thony of Egypt. He also left family, relatives and friends, and shut himself up for years in a lonely cell in the desert. There as he prayed, the Evil One approached also to tempt him, but being unable to succeed he thought to frighten Saint Anthony by assuming a hundred different and hideous forms, and by bringing other devils with him. They appeared to the Saint in the shape of wolves, hogs, monkeys, serpents, lions and tigers. They roared and howled around him whilst he was praying and meditating, and Saint Anthony paid no attention to them. The results in both cases were the same; Buddha and Anthony became only more confirmed in their respective practices, and felt that a divinity had called them to it. Buddha declared that marriage was bad; love, pleasure and everything in life were bad. Saint Anthony preached similar doctrines. To him the body was a mortal enemy; it was to be mortified and punished by fasts and prayers, and all the pleasures of this life were to be renounced.

In the middle ages and in modern times, monasticism developed with remarkable rapidity in the West under a Christian disguise. But at bottom it was still the same as the monasticism of the Buddhists. Both have their novitiates. The Buddhists, for instance, require young men to be fifteen years of age before they are admitted to the noviceship; a similar rule is laid down by most Roman Catholic Orders. The Order of Passionists, to which I belonged, lays it down as an invariable practice that only young men, and such as have attained the age of fifteen years, should be ordinarily admitted.

Again, the novitiate continues for a certain length of time. Among the Buddhists it commonly lasts five years;

in Roman Catholic Orders some require two and three years, but others only one. The Passionists require only one year. But after that, though the novice becomes professed and a member of the Order, he is still kept under a sort of pupilage for five or ten years, just as the Buddhist monk is required to subject himself to a teacher for five years after his solemn admission.

Again, Buddhist monks lay great stress on contemplation. Roman Catholic monks do the same; in fact, there are some Orders in the Roman Church which are called "contemplative orders." Buddhist monks will make a vow not to speak for a number of years, and Roman Catholic monks have taken similar vows. The Trappists, for instance, bind themselves to silence for life, and if not all do not observe the rule it is merely because they are not as bad as their absurd system would make them. Buddha prescribed certain positions of the body, rest and quiet as conducive to contemplation. We read, for instance, in a Buddhist work, that: "Holding his body, head and neck quite immovable, seated on a pure spot, with *Kusa* grass around him, the devotee should look only at the tip of his nose to meditate on the Supreme Being. I remember as a Passionist that rules were laid down for us almost as absurd. We were called to choir by the ringing of a bell; once assembled there, a member would read a few words from some pious book; then we were to compose ourselves for meditation; partly seated, and partly kneeling, with our knees barely touching the little knee bench before us, we were to hold our heads a little inclined, our eyes half shut, or altogether closed, and our arms conveniently folded over our breasts. Thus we were to spend an entire hour without speaking or moving except in case of grave necessity, and in this wearisome posture we were to meditate

on the divine perfections or on the glories of the Virgin Mary.

I read in some Buddhist books that few monks observe all these rules to the letter; that many scandalously break them, or go through them in a perfunctory manner. This accords exactly with my own experience. I knew of monks who were only too glad to escape from the tormenting hour of prayer, morning and evening, and even if they did stay in choir their meditations would be on anything but divine things. Many would either fall asleep or count the tickings of the clock; others would be watching the flies or mosquitoes as they whizzed through the air, and yawn at intervals. If you made an effort now and then to think of the subject of meditation you were supposed to have escaped sin and blame, because human nature is weak.

The height of Buddhist contemplation is to get into such a state of profound absorption in the Supreme Being that the mind no longer thinks of anything. The same ideal is proposed to Roman Catholic monks. The souls who arrive at that stage (I never met any), are said to have received the gift of contemplation. They become so absorbed in God that their minds no longer have any thoughts: the heart alone speaks. How this is brought about, except in the case of lunacy, I was never able to understand even while I was a monk. I can remotely imagine what sort of a vacancy must be in that mind which is so profoundly absorbed in meditation as to think of nothing. Philosophers say that this is an impossibility, but Buddhist and Roman Catholic monks must set all philosophy aghast.

The Holy Rules and Regulations of the Passionists, which are like those of other Roman Catholic Orders, are prolix in prescribing every word and act of the monks. Hours are set down for praying, for meditation, for study,

or eating, drinking, walking and sleeping. The same thing is done by the Buddhists, whose books say: "Let the monk be directed by his rules in every movement and action, waking or sleeping, dressing or undressing, sitting or standing, going out or coming in, fasting or eating, in speaking and not speaking."

Originally, it is said, Buddha did not intend that there should be any superiors in the monasteries; they were to be strictly democratic, and each monk was to follow only his own spirit of piety. But gradually it was found necessary for the elders and the more intelligent to assume a certain control for the peace and quiet of a community; later on these elders were formally elected, and abbots were the result. Thus also Roman Catholic monks acknowledge that the early cenobites of Egypt had no general superior; they merely professed obedience to their individual teachers; but in time, as monasteries were built and the brethren lived in community, superiors had to be chosen, and they were called abbots. In modern times this system has been carried still further, and we not only have abbots, but general and provincial superiors, priors, guardians and rectors.

In the details of the daily observance of the rules we meet with a similar uniformity. The Passionist monks, for instance, are aroused at one o'clock at night by a rattle which a brother shakes as he walks through the corridors. They rise, go to the choir, where they make an obeisance to the statue of Christ, of the Virgin Mary, or of some other Saint. They then chant a certain formulary of psalms, hymns, responses and anthems. When this is done they again salute the statue and then return to their cells. At six o'clock they repeat a like ceremony, spend an hour and a half in the choir and then go to their other duties. The

Buddhist monks have similar practices. They rise very early, go to the temple and bow three times to Buddha and to the abbot; after this they recite portions of Buddha's law, spend some time in contemplation and then go to their daily duties of teaching or begging.

Even in regard to the vows a similarity of practice may be observed. Roman Catholic monks, as a rule, make three vows, namely: a vow of obedience, a vow of poverty and a vow of chastity, or celibacy. The Buddhist monks are not behind them. When a Buddhist novice is about to be admitted he is required to repeat the following sacred formula, equivalent to vows: "I go for refuge to Buddha; I go for refuge to the Law; and I go for refuge to Order." These are supposed to signify three sacred promises, and to make a Buddhist monk, just as the vows make the Roman Catholic monk. But even in particular vows they are alike. It is a common thing for Roman Catholic monks to make a vow to fast for a year, or several years, to eat no fruit on certain days, in honor of the Virgin Mary; monks have been known to make vows never to speak during their lives, vows to pray so many rosaries every day, vows never to look at a woman, vows to sleep only a certain number of hours and vows to go on certain missions. Buddhist monks are not behind them; they have made vows to fast seven years, vows to abandon caste, vows of various kinds of self-torture and vows never to sit down. I heard of a Passionist monk who had made a vow never to keep his cap on in the presence of a priest, and Buddhist monks have made vows never to look upon the face of their abbots.

As regards the number and classes of monks, we also find a great similarity. We are all aware of the great variety of monastic orders in the Roman Catholic Church. We have the Domini-

cans, the Franciscans, the Carmelites, the Trappists, the Capuchins, the Jesuits, the Benedictines, the Barnabites, the Redemptorists, Lazarists and Passionists. The Buddhists are fully abreast of them. There are the *San-nyasi*, "those who give up the world;" the *Vairagi*, "those who are free from affections;" the *Yogi*, "seeking mystical union with God;" the naked monks, who call themselves *Dig-ambara*, or "sky-clothed;" the *Tapasvi*, or "practising austerities;" and the *Yati*, or "restrainers of desires."

In that quaint little book, called the Flowers of Saint Francis, we read that the saint used to go through Assisi in company with another brother to preach to the inhabitants by their example. "Brother Leo," he would say, "let us go and preach;" and the saint would start out with his arms devoutly folded, walking up and down the principal streets of the town, without once raising his eyes from the ground. I remember, in the Passionist rules, that a similar mortification of the eyes was prescribed to the novices and younger members. It was one of the things that always seemed to me essentially absurd, yet we had to practise it rigorously. To see the face of any one was a grave fault, and every evening we had to report to the master of novices how many faces we had seen even inadvertently. Buddhist novices have to go through the same mill. Matters are made even worse for them; they are told exactly at what angle their eyes are to be fixed on the ground.

These few points of comparison suffice to show the similarities of the two systems. All Roman Catholic monks profess allegiance to the Pope; even in this the Buddhists are their equals. In Thibet there is a grand Lama who resides at Lhassa, and whose sway is in every respect as supreme as that of the Pope of Rome. He has his cardinals,

abbots, monks, novices, crosiers, mitres, sacred vestments, relics, shrines, not even excepting rosaries. The Lama holds grand canonization services, exposes relics to veneration and blesses holy water. It is evident therefore that Roman Catholic monks enjoy no monopoly of the system. An attempt has been made to prove that the Buddhists copied from the Roman Catholic monks in the twelfth century, but the proof falls to the ground at once when we call to mind the fact that authentic records exist of Buddhist monks a thousand years before the Christian era. It is immaterial whether one system copied from the other; both are miserable deceptions, the product of superstition and ignorance, and the greatest foes to enlightenment, progress and reasonable religion.

### The Sweet Surprise.

(Adapted for Luther B. O'Connor.)

No tender yet sad farewell

From his quivering lip was heard;

So softly he crossed that quiet stream

Was not by a ripple stirred.

He was spared the pain of parting tears,

He was spared all mortal strife;

It was scarcely dying—he only passed

In a moment to endless life.

So low was the Master's call

That it had not reached our ear;

But he heard the sound, and the quick response

Was full of joy—not fear.

Weep not for the swift release,

From earthly pain and care,

Nor grieve that he reached his home and rest,

Ere he knew that he was there.

But think of the sweet surprise,

The sudden and strange delight

He felt, as he met his Saviour's smile,

And walked with Him in white.

Weep not, for his trials are o'er,

And thy race will soon be run;

So with sandaled feet, and with staff in hand,

Let thy work for the Lord be done.

And then, when the message arrives,

Sudden it may be, or slow,

"The Master is come, He calleth for thee,"

With joy thou wilt rise and go.

## Priests and People Weary of Romanism.

In every Roman Catholic parish, in the country as well as in the cities, the priests represent the Church. The people have no voice in the affairs of the parish. If anyone has cause of complaint for any reason he must go to the priest, and his decision is final. An intelligent Roman Catholic may say, I can go to the bishop and his judgment may be different from that of the priest. But it is well known that a parishioner who appeals from the decision of the priest is a marked man. He is shunned by his neighbors and is practically boycotted. We sometimes meet with such cases, and our counsel always is, Come away from those men, leave them alone, and you will be happier and better by serving God with liberty of conscience. If you continue to rail at the priests, knowing that you cannot mend matters, your life will be unhappy.

In like manner we constantly hear complaints from priests who murmur against the bishops and the Church generally. Their work is unsatisfactory; they have no faith in what they are doing; the sacraments they administer have no value in their sight; the ceremonies in which they take part are to them ridiculous. They revile the Church, which has deceived them and imposed upon their credulity. They never try to improve it, for they know that all efforts in that direction would be in vain. And so they continue to labor in the field of activity in the prescribed limits without faith, hope or love. In the affairs of the world such persons would be accounted foolish. But that is the condition of a large majority of priests, and particularly monks, in the Roman Catholic Church to-day, not only in this country, but throughout the world.

To them we say, as to the people,

Come away from that Church where you are forced to spend your lives contrary to your inclinations. To charge you with hypocrisy is a hard saying, but the logic of facts leads to no other conclusion regarding your position. No one understands your condition better than the writer, who had been a priest himself and who, when he realized that he was in a false position, no longer able to give mind or heart to the doctrines and practices of the Roman Church, withdrew from it. His condition was pitiful and lonely as that of any of you could be, for by his act he lost every friend he ever had. His own family refused to recognize or help him in a new way of life. He had no one but the good God to go to for guidance and help. But he knew that it had been said:

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? . . ."

"Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

"When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

"Hide not Thy face far from me; put not Thy servant away in anger: Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

"Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

"Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."



## FACULTIES OF A CAPUCHIN PRIEST.

FR. BERNARDUS AB ANDERMATT

TOTIUS ORDINIS FF. MINORUM

SANCTI FRANCISCI CAPUCCINORUM

Minister Generalis (l. i.)

Rdo' in xto Patri Aloysio a Viterbio  
Prov. Romanæ Concionatori

IN DOMINO SALUTEM.

Cum ad externas Missiones idoneus videaris, Nos virtute præsentium Sanctæ Obedientiæ meritum, Nostramque Benedictionem, Tibi concedimus, ut ad Nostrum Missionum Collegium de Urbe quamprimum Te conferas, tuam destinationem recepturus.

Romæ, die 27 Octobris, 1887.

Fr. Bernardus ab Andermatt.

Sig. Minis. Gener. FF. Minor.

[seal]

S. Franc. Cappucc.

FR. CAROLUS BONONIA,

FRATREM MINORUM S. FRANCISCI CAPUCCINORUM.

IN ROMANA PROVINCIA VICARIUS PROVINCIALIS (*lic. imm.*).Rev. in Christo, P. Aloysio a Viterbio  
ejusdem Ordinis salutem in Domino.

Facultate muneris nostro specialiter indulta admittendi quosdam ex nostris ad audiendas Confessiones Saecularium quibusdam in locis, Paternitatem tuam, de cujus probitate, virtute, sufficientia, doctrinaque plurimum in Domino confidimus, et insuper in Instructionibus Sancti Caroli Borromei versatam, virtute presentium elegimus, et in Confessarium destinamus. Quare ad salutaris Obedientiæ meritum injungimus, et postquam Illmo, vel Emo ac Rmo D. Ordinario te personaliter præsentaveris, ac hisce nostris litteris ipsi ostensis, et accepta opportuna approbatione, debeas ac possis in nostro Conventu, et loco quo degis modo, et alibi (ubi adest Facultas, concessa a Definitorio Generali) audire Confessiones Saecularium re-

TRANSLATION.

Father Bernard Von Andermatt,  
Minister General of the Whole Order  
of Friars Minor Capuchins of St.  
Francis.

To the Rev. Father Aloysius of Viterbo,  
Preacher of the Roman Province,  
Health in the Lord.

Since thou seemest fit for the foreign Missions, We in virtue of these presents and the merits of holy obedience bestow upon thee our blessing, in order that thou mayest betake thyself to our Missionary College at Rome as speedily as possible there to receive thy destination.

Dated Rome, 27th day of Oct. 1887.

Bro. Bernard Von Andermatt.

Bro. Charles Bononia,  
Vicar Provincial of the Capuchins In  
the Roman Province.

To the Rev. Father in Christ, Aloysius  
of Viterbo of the same Order, Health  
in the Lord.

In virtue of the Office specially granted to Us of admitting certain of our Order to hear the confessions of secular people in divers places, We in virtue of these presents, elect and appoint your Paternity, concerning whose probity, virtue, sufficiency in doctrine we have great confidence in the Lord, and especially as being versed in the instructions of St. Charles Borromeo to be a Confessor. Wherefore by the merits of saving obedience, we enjoin upon thee, that after thou hast personally presented thyself to the Most Illustrious, or Most Eminent and Rev. Ordinary (Archbishop or Bishop) and shown them these our letters, and having obtained proper approbation, thou mayest and oughtest, in our Convent, and in whatsoever place thou mayest live, and

spectative utriusque sexus, ipsisque imposita poenitentia, factaque charitativa, ac prudenti admonitione, adhibitisque praeservativis remediis, cum promissione de non peccando de coetere, eosdem absolvere valeas a peccatis suis. Vale, et ora Deum pro me.

Datum Romae, die 12 mensis Novembris, Anni 1886.

Sig. Capucinatorum  
[seal]  
Provinciae Romanae.

FR. BERNARDUS AB ANDERMATT

TOTIUS ORDINIS FF. MINORUM  
SANCTI FRANCISCI CAPUCCINORUM  
Minister Generalis (I. i.)

Vendo in Christo P. Aloysio a Viterbio  
Sacerdoti Provinciae Romanae,

SALUTEM IN DOMINO.

Inter alia magni ponderis, quae ex iuncto Nobis Officio graviter incumbunt, praecipuum est, strenuos ad Vineae Domini culturam seligere Operarios, illisque rite examinatis, ac probatis velut idoneis Dei Ministris, Sacrosanctum concionandi Ministerium ad Animarum salutem demandare. Hinc cum dignis Patrum, quibus examen iuxta Regularia nostra Instituta commisimus, Testimoniis acceperimus, Tibi non solum studiorum tempus et humanarum ac divinarum literarum cognitionem, sed morum etiam honestatem, ac Religiosae vitae integritatem non mediocriter suffragari; tenore praesentium, Te Divini Verbi Praeconem instituimus, et ad salutaris obedientiae meritum Tibi Praedicationis Officium injungimus, ut, obtenta prius Superiorum atque Ordinariorum, ad quos pro tempore spectabit, Facultate, ubique Verbum Dei, castis et examinatis eloquiis, digne ac fructuose proponere, et secundum B. N. P. Francisci praescriptum, vitia et virtutes, poenam et gloriam annuntiare. — In quorum fidem, etc.

anywhere (where there is a Faculty, conceded by the Definitor General) to hear the confessions of secular people of either sex respectively, and having imposed a penance, given a charitable and prudent admonition, prescribed preservative remedies, obtained a promise of not sinning again, thou art empowered to absolve them from their sins.

Bro. Bernard Von Andermatt,  
Minister General of the Whole Capuchin Order.

To the Rev. Father in Christ Aloysius of Viterbo, Priest of the Roman Province, Health in the Lord.

Among other things of great weight which from our Office heavily press upon us, the chief one is to select active workers for the Lord's vineyard, and having duly examined them and proved them fit Ministers of God, to entrust them with the most holy ministry of preaching for the salvation of souls. Hence since we have received deserving testimonials from the Fathers, to whom we committed thy examination, according to our established rules, and that thou hast not only had the time for studies, but hast also the knowledge of human and divine literature, and also a reputation for respectability and integrity of religious life of no ordinary degree, by the authority of these presents we institute thee a Preacher of the Divine Word, and in virtue of holy obedience we enjoin upon thee the Office of Preaching, so that, having previously obtained permission of the Superiors and the Ordinaries (bishops) to whom it pertains for the time being, thou mayest everywhere proclaim the Word of God worthily and fruitfully with chaste and chosen words, and according to the command of our Blessed Father Francis, discourse on vices and virtues, on punishment and glory. In faith of which, etc.

Ex Coenobio nostro Urbis die 24 Novembris, 1886.

Fr. Bernardus ab Andermatt.

Sig. Minis. Gener. FF. Minor.

[seal]

S. Franc. Cappucc.

D. JOANNES BAPTISTA,

ORDINIS SANCTI BENEDICTI CONGR.  
GALLIARUM.

MISERATIONE DIVINA,

EPISCOPUS PORTEUN. ET SANCTAE

RUFINAE

S. ROMANAE ECCLESIAE CARDINALIS

PITRA,

ET JUDEM S. R. E. BIBLIOTHECARIUS.

Tibi dilecto Nobis in Christo Fratri Aloysio a Viterbio Ordinis Minorum Capuccinorum a Nobis examinato, et approbato concedimus, ut in hac nostra Dioecesi Poenitentiae Sacramentum ministres, et absolutionis beneficium impendas, praeterquam a casibus et censuris Sanctae Sedi, vel Nobis reservatis (excepto mortis articulo) sub poena excommunicationis latae sententiae. Praecipimus tamen, ut ad infirmos vocatus, de eorum audita confessione statim proprium Parochum certiore facias verbo, vel scripto. Mulierum vero confessiones, "si aegrotent, non audis, nisi aperto ostio;" si bene valeant, non audias nisi in Ecclesia, aut oratorio publico, et in Sede Confessionali; et dummodo aliqua non adsit necessitas, nec ante auroram, nec post crepusculum vespertinum juxta Dec. S. Cong. 30 Januarii, 1610. In Ecclesiis autem Parochialibus, vel aliis, sine licentia Parochi aut Rectorum ipsarum ab hac saluberrimi Sacramenti administratione abstineas: monentes, ut a pueris, ac rudioribus requiras, an Fidei Articulos, Decalogi, Ecclesiaeque praecepta noverint, Doctrinamque Christianam satagant ediscere, actusque christianos Fidei, Spei, et Charitatis elicere et sciant, et soleant; et denique, ut quae in Rituali Romano, Apostolicis Constitutionibus, ac Synodalibus Decretis Por-

From our monastery in the city (Rome) November 24th, 1886.

Bro. Bernard Von Andermatt.

Dom John Baptist

Of the French Congregation of St. Benedict, By Divine Mercy Bishop of Portus and St. Rufina, Cardinal Pitra, Librarian of the Holy Roman Church.

Having been examined and approved by Us, we grant to Thee our beloved Brother in Christ Aloysius of Viterbo of the Minor Order of Capuchins, to administer the Sacrament of Penance in this our Diocese, and to impart the benefit of absolution, except in cases and censures reserved to the Holy See or to Us (save in the hour of death) under pain of excommunication, *latae sententiae*. Furthermore we command that when thou art called to the sick to hear confessions, thou shalt immediately inform their parish priest by word or writing. But thou shalt not hear the confessions of women when they are sick, unless the door of the room be open: if they are in health thou shalt hear them only in the church or a public oratory and in the confessional; and, provided there be no necessity, not before dawn, nor after twilight, according to the decree of the Sacred Congregation of January the thirtieth, 1610. But in parish churches and elsewhere, without a license from the parish priest or the rectors thereof, thou shalt refrain from the administration of this most wholesome sacrament: we warn thee to question children, and the more ignorant folk whether they know the articles of faith, the decalogue, and the commandments of the church, and cause them to learn the Christian Doctrine, so as to know how to elicit acts of faith, hope, and charity, and to do so habitually; and finally that thou perfectly learn and diligently observe those

tuensibus statuta sunt pro recta Sacramenti hujus administratione, Bullas praesertim Summ. PP. Gregorii XV, et Benedicti XIV contra sollicitantes ap-prime calleas, ac diligenter observes. Haec facultas valeat ad annum tantum et cum casibus reservatis pro fidelibus utriusque sexus.

Datum Romae ex Episcopali Cancellaria hac die vicesima mensis Januarii Anni millesimi octingentisimi octuagesimi septimi (1887).

D. Albertus.

Thomas Monti, Cancellius Epalis.  
Cancellaria Episcopalis Portus  
[seal]  
Et Sanctae Rufiane.

LUCIANUS GENTILUCCI,  
DEI ET APOSTOLICAE SEDIS GRATIA,  
EPISCOPUS FALISCODUNENSIS,  
EIDEM SANCTAE SAEDI IMMEDIATE  
SUBIECTUS.

Universis has litteras inspecturis testatum, notumque volumus, Nos hac die 20 Septembris, 1886, Sabbato quatuor temporum autumnaliae Ordinationem habentes in privato sacello Nostri Palatii Episcopalis Montefalisci inter Missae adistentibus RRmis. Dnis. Vincentio Archipresbytero Argentini, Bernardino Canonico Bacchi, et infrascripto Nostro Canonico Cancellario aliisque de clero et familia.

Dilectum in Christo Fr. Aloysio a Viterbio Ord. Capuccinorum Examinatoribus Pro-Synodalibus in experimento suae scientiae facto idoneum repertum, et approbatum ad sacrum Presbyterati ordinem titulo paupertatis religiosas presentatione sui superioris et cum dispensatione ab interstitii juxta ritum S. R. E., et servata forma S. Conc. Trid. ac Decr. S. Congr. in Domino promovisse. In quorum etc.

Datum Montefalisco ex Aedibus Episcopi, die mense, et anno praedictis.

LUCIANUS, Episcopus.

Lucianus Gentilucci  
[seal]  
Episcopus Faliscodunen.

things which are set forth in the Roman Ritual, the Apostolic Constitutions, and the Synodical decree of the Diocese of Portus for the right administration of this sacrament, especially the Bulls of the Supreme Pontiffs Popes Gregory XV, and Benedict XIV against solicitors in confession. This faculty is good for one year only, with reserved cases, for the faithful of both sexes.

Given at Rome from the Episcopal Chancery this twentieth day of January, one-thousand eight-hundred and eighty-seven.

Dom Albertus, Secretary.  
Thomas Monti, Episcopal Chancellor.

Lucian Gentilucci,  
By the Grace of God and the Apostolic See, Bishop of Fescennia, Immediately Subject to the Same See.

We will that it be known and certain to all those seeing these letters, that on this twentieth day of September, 1886, on the Saturday of Ember-tide, holding an ordination in the private chapel of our Episcopos palace of Montefalisco during mass, assisted by the Very Rev. Archpriest Vincent Argentine, the Canon Bernardino Bacchi, and by our Vicar General, and others of our clergy and household.

We promoted our beloved Brother in Christ, Aloysius of Viterbo, of the Order of Capuchins, who, on trial by the Pro-Synodal examiners was found worthy and approved, to the sacred order of the priesthood, under the title of religious poverty at the presentation of his superior, and with a dispensation from the canonical interval, according to the rite of the Holy Roman Church, and observing the form of the holy Council of Trent and the decrees of the Sacred Congregation.

Given at Mantefalisco from the Episcopal Palace, on the day, month and year aforesaid.

Lucian, Bishop.

## ROMAN CATHOLIC ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

BY GENERAL T. M. HARRIS.

**R**OMAN Catholic writers and papers have sedulously attempted to suppress the truth of history in relation to the assassination of President Lincoln from the date of that event to the present time.

The lately published interview with John H. Surratt that through Roman Catholic control has gone the rounds of the American press, was manifestly gotten up in pursuance of this purpose. The effort has all the time been to create the impression that the great crime was the mad act of a fanatic, and not the result of a great conspiracy. That in fact no conspiracy existed. The audacity of this attempt to suppress and pervert history is almost without a parallel. In view of the fact that the testimony given before the Military Commission in 1865, and then on the trial of J. H. Surratt in 1867, clearly establishes the existence of a formidable conspiracy to overthrow our Government and make the rebellion a success by a series of assassinations, it would seem that there must be very grave reasons for this attempt to cover up and suppress this fact. Its audacity appears from the fact that this testimony has been carefully preserved by the Government. It is true that the official report of these trials are accessible to but few; but it has been spread before the public in historic form in my book entitled "Assassination of Lincoln; a History of the Great Conspiracy and a Review of the Trial of John H. Surratt." This history was carefully deduced from the testimony given on these two trials, and every alleged fact can be sustained by the testimony officially preserved by the Government. This last effort on the part of the Roman Catholic Church

was most likely inspired by the appearance of my last little book entitled, "Rome the Enemy of Our Civil and Religious Institutions, Including Rome's Responsibility for the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln." In this little book the complicity of the Roman hierarchy in this conspiracy is shown by a chain of evidence that cannot be broken.

The interview with Surratt above referred to is evidently gotten up to forestall public opinion in the interest of the party implicated in my books by creating the impression that no conspiracy existed. It bears the marks of falsehood and special pleading throughout, but especially in the story of his escape from his guards in Italy after he had been placed under arrest. It was thought to be very important to show that he was not allowed to escape by the complicity of his guards, and so his story of a desperate leap of twenty-five feet and lighting on a flat rock without being disabled for the next desperate leap of seventy-five feet and lighting again on a rock, and yet being able to make his escape, is only equalled in its marvelousness by the fact that he was able to hear and understand the excited remarks of the guards one hundred feet over his head, and that whilst he was yet unconscious from the concussion. This lie reminds one of the "ambition that overleaps itself." This additional effort of the Jesuits to re-write American history will fail. I have been able to fix the true history of this crime of the ages so that it will stay to the end of time.

### A GREAT BOOK FREE.

#### St. Patrick and Irish History.

Our friends who have not yet ordered copies of this valuable book should do so without further delay. The work cannot be published again—no publisher could place it on the market in its present fine form for less than \$4—and we are pleased to present it to our readers for two new subscribers, or \$1.50 cash.



## STRONG AS DEATH.—A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS.

## CHAPTER I.

Fierce may be the conflict,  
 Strong may be the foe,  
 But the King's own Army  
 None can overthrow.  
 Round His Standard ranging,  
 Victory is secure,  
 For His Truth unchanging  
 Makes the triumph sure.

—F. R. H.

IN 1685 the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes ushered in one of the darkest periods of French history. For the next sixty years vast numbers were deprived of their rights as citizens of France, whilst the whole realm suffered from the persecution which, like a perpetual St. Bartholomew's, consigned one million of Louis' most royal subjects to exile or the galleys, to imprisonment or death.

Who could blame these Huguenots, if maddened by their injuries they had become the most deadly foes of the State? Far otherwise, however, does history bear record; for, true to their heavenly orders, "Fear God and honor the king," they did not hesitate to answer bravely, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," and patiently to struggle on; ready, if need be, to die for their earthly ruler, yet never swerving from their first allegiance to the King of kings.

Brief respites occurred during these long terrible years, when the royal troops (those pitiless agents of Louis XIV.) were called away to foreign service.

In 1742 one of these intervals occurred, France being menaced by the allied forces of England and Austria, and once more the little flocks went boldly forth beyond the shade of mountain-cave and gorge to listen peacefully to their be-

loved pastors' exhortations. The fact that fresh persecution awaited them was never doubted; and with intense earnestness they sought that spiritual refreshment which would strengthen them for the coming trial.

Only too soon this moment arrived. With the cessation of hostilities the little Church of Languedoc arose once more to buckle on her armor—the invincible armor of God—even the helmet of salvation, the shield of faith and, floating over all, the banner of love; and "love is as strong as death."

Orders for the renewal of persecution were speedily issued, and royal messengers were soon carrying them far and near, one of whom was Adrien de Beaumont, the young aide-de-camp of General Maurice. His present destination was Nismes, one of the strongholds of the Huguenots in Languedoc. As he rode so gaily forth he but little imagined the grave import of his mission, for his mind dwelt only upon the loving welcome awaiting him in the old castle of Beaumont, when the long-coveted furlough was granted him.

In order, however, to win this favor the prompt delivery of the package was required, and this thought caused him eagerly to spur his horse onward. Alas! when only within a few hours of Nismes the wearied steed gave out and Adrien awoke to the fact that a fresh one must be secured or his furlough be the forfeit. The sight of a country inn not far distant soon revived both horse and rider, and Adrien heartily congratulated himself.

The grey inn, with its ancient stone wall, stood out boldly upon the edge of a wood, the only dwelling in sight. Riding through the massive gateway Adrien called loudly for the host. The

place seemed quite deserted, for though the courtyard resounded with the clatter of his horse's hoofs, no response came to his imperious summons save from a fierce watch-dog who now angrily protested against the soldier's entrance.

"This is a pretty state of things!" Adrien exclaimed. "Is the business of Le Grande Monarque to suffer for lack of beasts to carry his messengers?" Ignoring the dog's presence he next proceeded to examine the interior of the inn. Evidently it was quite deserted, and all unawares of curious eyes watching him from the granary which stretched over the lower apartments, Adrien returned disconsolately to the courtyard.

Surely there was something strangely familiar in the high moss grown curbing of the well in the centre of the yard. He gazed wonderingly upon its sparkling depths. What was it? And Adrien turned away and paced the worn flagstones with impatient feet. Thus an hour passed by and the young soldier was about to set forth on foot when a little old man suddenly appeared on the scene, who inquired suavely, "Is there any service I can render to Monsieur?"

"A horse! A royal packet must reach Nismes before nightfall," Adrien quickly responded.

"But surely Monsieur will partake of some light refreshment," said the host persuasively.

"In the King's name a horse. Speak of naught else," and his eyes flashed. Jacques Moran was completely silenced into obedience, and in a few moments a horse was led from the shadow of the wood and placed at Adrien's disposal. Eagerly mounting the young soldier galloped off, shouting back, "If I arrive at Nismes to-night no credit to you, sir host!" which Jacques received with a knowing smile, saying, "Your brave

pace must soon slacken, my good Victor, or you will never see Nismes or your old master again."

Victor's previous hours had been spent on quite another errand, and now he had but little strength for fresh endeavors; but Adrien de Beaumont was a determined rider, and for some time they sped rapidly over the stony road, the fierce mid-day sun glaring pitilessly upon them. Gradually, however, his pace relaxed, and the young soldier realized that new misfortune was at hand.

Perhaps a short rest might give the animal fresh vigor, but where could it be taken on that fiery plain? With a groan of despair Adrien loosened the reins, for the dark suspicion suddenly presented itself that Victor's condition was well known to his owner, for was he not in Languedoc, that stronghold of heresy and rebellion? Then for the first time his mind reverted to the packet whose contents he so jealously guarded. Was it not likely it contained some new order against the Huguenots? As he decided in the affirmative he recalled the farewell words of the Lady Isabel—she who had performed a mother's part towards himself and his sister Marie. "Aimee" her adopted children had called her from the beginning of their life at Beaumont Castle, and "Aimee" she would surely be to the end.

"Long live the King and our Holy Mother, the Church! Death to the Huguenots!" So Adrien had shouted back as he rode forth on his first campaign, for loyalty to Church and State had been inculcated by the Lady Isabel from his early childhood.

But strange to say a cry of pain had broken from her lips, and in a voice trembling with deep emotion she had cried, "Oh, my child, give me some better parting word," and glancing at Father Jerome, the household Confessor, she had added with a strange expression of defiance on her pale, sweet

face, "Remember Adrien; a true soldier is not only brave, but merciful."

As Adrien now recalled these words, so long unaccountable to him, he wondered whether Aimee would approve his present mission. Just here, however, Victor broke into a brisk trot, and looking up Adrien too discovered the distant cluster of rocks and foliage towards which his horse was making. Thinking that a brief halt would prove the better policy, Adrien yielded his consent and soon passed beneath the refreshing shelter of stately trees, where the sound of rippling waters broke gently upon the air.

With an exclamation of joy he sprang to the ground, and pushing his way through the thick underbrush, reached the spring sparkling brightly beneath a few stray sunbeams.

As Adrien was about to stoop and drink a new sight eclipsed all others. Within a few feet of the dancing streamlet a precious life was fast ebbing away, the life of a venerable man, clad in shepherd's garb, whose noble countenance bore unmistakably the stamp of approaching dissolution. A startled look filled the large expressive eyes as they met Adrien's; but as the latter bent kindly over him the look vanished, and he whispered imploringly, "Water! Water!"

Quickly Adrien obeyed, and the dying stranger made a mighty effort to rise and drink, but the exertion was too much for his exhausted frame, and he sank back unconscious in the young man's arms. Gently, even tenderly, Adrien bathed the burning brow and moistened the parted lips, till once more the eye-lids opened and a low, sweet voice inquired:

"Who is this who so graciously befriends me?"

"A messenger from the King," proudly the answer came; "and you, Monsieur?"

"I, too, am a royal messenger," and then, as a radiant smile broke over his face, he added, with the deepest yearning in his voice, "Would that my King were also yours, my son!"

"Would you have me play the traitor?" and in a moment Adrien had leaped to his feet. "Have I befriended an enemy of my gracious sovereign?"

Lifting his hand in quick denial, the stranger's answer rang out with startling clearness: "Call me not his foe, but truest friend! For never have I forgot my King's command to love your royal master; yea, and on bended knee to seek his weal!"

But a flush of crimson rushed over the speaker's face, succeeded by a pallor as he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

Gently laying down his burden Adrien questioned what his next step should be. Dare he risk his King's displeasure by a longer delay? The stranger's last words had convinced him of his royalty; surely in a few moments all would be over. He would wait.

Again the lips move feebly, and the young man bends low to catch the murmured words: "My soul thirsteth for Thee—my strength faileth—Haste!" and once more the beautiful eyes gaze upward with a longing no earthly power can satisfy.

But the clatter of horsemen over the plain now startles the silent watcher; and suddenly remembering the words, "I, too, am a royal messenger!" a quick resolve is taken.

"My friend," he cries eagerly, "awake, awake! Trust me with your message and it shall be most faithfully delivered in your own King's name. Awake, have you not some word of blessing for dear ones far away?"

With a start the stranger aroused himself and looked with wonder upon his questioner. "You will?" Astonishment and delight were blended in the

tone. "Then in His name I bless you and bid you go quickly, ere the day be spent!" Did he then imagine his message to be already in Adrien's keeping?

"Loved ones didst you say?" and for the first time his face quivered with pain, but it was only for a moment. Looking trustfully upward he softly whispered, "Only the King knoweth the love I bear them, and in His dear hand I leave them all."

And now the voices of the riders can be plainly heard. One more effort must be made to learn the stranger's secret.

"Surely you can trust me! Only whisper low your message and Adrien de Beaumont's word stands pledged that—" the sentence was never finished.

"Adrien de Beaumont did you say? Stoop lower, I entreat you! Lower still!" The voice had grown almost inaudible, but now the stranger's hand rested upon Adrien's head as if in blessing.

"Well, this is a fine sight, indeed!" called out a rough voice at this moment. "One of his majesty's own troops kneeling to our 'Venerable Shepherd.' Quick boys, we have him now!"

As the noisy party surrounded Adrien he neither spoke nor moved. The dying man, with a look of intense joy upon his countenance, held him, as if spell-bound, to the earth. The new comers likewise seemed strangely fascinated, for gradually every voice was hushed, and a solemn silence prevailed. Thus several moments passed. Suddenly the lips moved, but only the young soldier caught the last feeble utterance. "My King hath heard!" A low note of triumph seemed to ring in his whisper. "Your promise! Remember!" Then the eye-lids closed, and the noble spirit had flown far beyond the reach of friend or foe. At last his eyes beheld the King in His beauty, the blessed sight for which through many years his soul had thirsted.

Moved by a sudden impulse, Adrien pressed his lips upon the silent face and then, half ashamed of his weakness, sprang to his feet and boldly confronted the new comers. Apparently his last act had broken the spell which had so strangely held them, for instantly all was noise and confusion. The shepherd's bag was rudely seized and searched, while the air resounded with oaths and cruel jests.

Amid it all, however, Adrien heard the whisper, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Quickly turning he took the speaker's hand. Evidently though a companion of the band, he was not a kindred spirit. At Adrien's touch, however, his face assumed an air of great displeasure, and, shaking off his hand, he rejoined his companions.

The leader now called upon the young soldier to account for his presence in the unfrequented spot. A few words were sufficient, and he was roughly ordered to proceed on his journey.

With one last look towards the lifeless form he turned to find his horse, which now seemed as eager to depart as was Adrien himself. Ere they could do so footsteps were heard approaching.

"What would you have me do?" The words were spoken cautiously, and Adrien recognized the man who had just so rudely repulsed him.

"Promise that yon sacred form receive all due respect. Such treatment as you would wish if in like extremity." He returned impetuously, "Know you not he is a royal messenger? and behold your reward!" and a handful of glittering coins was showered to the earth. "Would you know the name of his royal Master, and His message too? Take this and it will tell you all."

As Adrian reached forth his hand a small package rescued from the stranger's effects was hastily thrust into it, and

face, "Remember Adrien; a true soldier is not only brave, but merciful."

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As Adrian reached forth his hand a small package rescued from the stranger's effects was hastily thrust into it, and

the giver returned to his party. In another moment Adrien was speeding towards Nismes, and for the time being all was forgotten but his royal mission.

## CHAPTER II.

Not yet thou knowest how I bid  
Each passing hour entwine  
Its grief, or joy, its hope or fear,  
In one great love design.  
Nor how I lead thee through the night,  
By many a various way,  
Still upward to unclouded light,  
And onward to the day.

—F. R. H.

The castle of Beaumont stood high upon a rocky eminence from which, in the olden days, it had bade defiance to every foe; and from its portals many a warrior band had carried devastation and death into the neighboring valleys. Now, however, to the few travelers who chanced to pass near, it seemed to wear only an aspect of peace and good will, which often encouraged them to venture nearer and crave rest and refreshment within its walls.

The peasantry dwelling in the beautiful valley at its foot could likewise testify to the kindness of the Lady Isabel de Beaumont, whose loving rule had transformed the old castle into an abode of peace. To these simple folk the calm sweet face of their Lady reminded them of their patron saint to whose shrine in the tiny village chapel they ever rendered a most devout homage. And should they be blamed if oftentimes the Lady Isabel's well-beloved face mingled strangely with their devotions, while her more substantial benefactions called forth even a larger share of their love and reverence? The day was yet to come when their allegiance to both saint and lady should be sorely tested.

Now as the sun rose slowly over the forest top the ancient battlements glowed with golden light, and the banners floating from many a turret window

gave an air of strange festivity to the castle, which the villagers were quick to recognize.

The Lady Isabel had risen early, and having dismissed her tiring-woman, stood at the open casement gazing sadly down the valley. For once her morning devotions were forgotten, her jeweled rosary slipping unnoticed from her hand. Her heart was full of a scene of long ago, when a silent train had ascended that very pathway bearing the remains of her father, Baron de Beaumont, slain in his King's service.

To-day there was to be another home coming, but a far different one, and this new thought gradually drove away the shadows. Full of the happiness in store for her, the Lady Isabel hastened towards the heavy crimson curtains separating her own apartment from a smaller one, and called:

"Arise, arise, my sweet one! See the dancing sunbeams!" and then bending low she kissed the fair sleeper, whispering the magic word, "Adrien."

"Adrien," murmured the young girl dreamily, but in another moment she was wide awake and, springing up, Marie de Beaumont cried, "Oh, Aimee, has Adrien indeed arrived? And I asleep!"

"Not yet, my dear child; but hasten, or you will not be ready to welcome him. And see, here is Ursule coming to robe you."

So saying Lady Isabel withdrew, smiling at the energy with which Adrien's name had inspired his gentle sister.

Many years before, when death had robbed the Baron de Beaumont of his beautiful young wife, he had felt that he could do nothing better for his little Isabel than to place her under the guardianship of his sister, the lady superior of a neighboring convent.

Yet in the sad, lonely days which followed he sorely regretted this hasty step; and often in the midnight hours,

when his gloom grew deepest, he would ascend the turret stairs, eager for a glimpse of a tiny spark glimmering in the distance. To him it was a star of hope, for beneath it lay peacefully sleeping his heart's one treasure—the little daughter whose home coming was some day to bring back light into his desolate life.

When a royal summons finally reached Beaumont the Baron was only too glad to obey, resolving to return no more until Isabel could take her place by his side.

Many years rolled by, and finally his widowed aunt, Lady Eleanor de Beaumont, was requested to proceed to the castle and prepare for her niece's return, so that as far as possible the Baron's enforced absence might not mar her welcome home.

The young Lady Isabel, however, eager for a glimpse of the strange world, awaited her father's return with great impatience, life at the lonely castle seeming but a poor exchange for that within the convent. As the weeks passed by one thought took possession of her, to pay a short visit to Nismes, where lived a young friend to whom she was devotedly attached, but who had left the convent some years before. This the Lady Eleanor was finally persuaded to do, thinking thus to make the waiting time the shorter. With many bright anticipations the party set forth. Alas, in a week they returned with far different feelings, the Lady Isabel eager to gain once more a refuge in the quiet old castle and to begin a voluntary exile, which had now lasted eighteen years. These years had not been altogether joyless ones, for with her came two little helpless strangers, to whom henceforth she devoted her life.

When the Baron in his distant camp heard of their arrival he merely laughed and called it a youthful fancy which would doubtless amuse the Lady Isabel

and help her to bear his absence more patiently.

Far different, however, did it seem to the loving old Therese, who eighteen years before had been so loth to give up her own nursling to another's care.

"Take these little ones into your dear motherly arms and love them," and then with quivering lips Isabel had whispered, "Yes, and I will love them too, though in future years they thrust me from them with scorn and loathing."

Could this be the merry thoughtless Isabel de Beaumont of one short week ago, this sad despairing woman? Therese asked herself in silent wonder.

"Ask me no more, Therese; only love them as your very life—your love can only bless;" and with an exceeding bitter cry Isabel swooned away, no longer able to bear the pain which filled her heart. Many days of fever and delirium followed, and when perfect consciousness returned Lady Isabel found herself as weak and helpless as the little Marie whom Therese had so tenderly nursed at her bedside, but who was now carefully kept from her sight.

With returning health her thoughts were constantly occupied with the tiny guests in the great gloomy castle, and she silently longed yet dreaded to see them.

One day a small figure had stolen softly to her side, and the bright truthful eyes of Adrien looked into her own as he whispered doubtfully, "Is this really Aimee? Our own live Aimee?" for thus she had long been known to him. Claspings the child to her heart Isabel awakened to new life and hope.

The Lady Eleanor, who had watched over her niece with yearning tenderness, was soon required at her home, and not long after had come tidings of the Baron's death.

The Lady Isabel had then formally adopted the two children, but she would have been less surprised with the alac-

rity with which her spiritual advisers had consented to this step if she had understood their motives.

Father Jerome, the Lady's Confessor, alone knew the early history of Adrien and Marie; and so faithfully had he fulfilled his mission at Beaumont that it would have been difficult to find a more devout household. So successful, indeed, had he been that finally his ambition was aroused to win fresh laurels in a more extended field, and accordingly with many words of regret he had yielded his place to one who had been Lady Isabel's spiritual guide during the first years of her life—the gentle old Father Augustine, who had been regarded as lacking those qualities which were most essential in the guardianship of Beaumont after the Baron's decease.

Now, however, it was thought that he could be safely entrusted with the oversight of Lady Isabel and her household; and much to the former's delight he was again installed in his old quarters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### **The Niagara Bible Conference.**

This Conference, which has become famous in this country and in Canada, will be held this year at Point Chautauqua, on the widely known Lake of that name in New York State. The Conference will begin on July 20 and continue one week. The Rev. William J. Erdman, D.D., of Germantown, Pa., who has been the efficient Secretary and chief organizer of the Conference for many years, will have charge this year as usual; and his name is so well known as a Bible teacher, and his charming personality so beloved by Christians of all denominations, that we esteem it a privilege to announce this Conference, which is the twenty-second annual meeting of those masters in Israel and children of God who have come together for the deeper study of the Divine Word.

Associated with Dr. Erdman as teachers this year will be the Rev. Drs. Moorehead, of Xenia, Ohio; Albert Erdman, Morristown, N. J.; L. W. Munhall, Germantown, Pa.; C. I. Scofield, Northfield, Mass.; Major D. W. Whittle, also of Northfield; Elmore Harris, Toronto; A. C. Gaebelein and others. The Editor of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC expects to attend the Conference to be a partaker of the good things that will come from the lips and hearts of those men of God.

For all information regarding the Conference, routes of travel, hotel and boarding house accommodation, address Dr. W. J. Erdman, Germantown, Pa.

### **Summer Assembly at Keuka Lake.**

The meetings of this famous Assembly, which continue during the months of July and August, will be under the management of the Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, so well known as the pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church in that city, and as an evangelist of great power. Among the speakers and teachers besides Dr. Dixon will be Rev. Drs. R. A. Torrey, of the Bible Institute, Chicago, W. J. Erdman, Frank Dixon of Hartford, W. C. Bitting, H. L. Morehouse, H. A. Kinports and Col. Alexander S. Bacon of New York, besides "Father Endeavor" Clark, and many others. The Editor of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC is expected to speak at Keuka Lake Park, where there is a fine Assembly Hall, on July 29, 30 and 31. For all information regarding the Keuka Park meetings address Dr. A. C. Dixon, 94 So. Oxford street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or Rev. Z. F. Griffin, Keuka College, Yates Co., N. Y.

### **BOUND VOLUME FOR 1897.**

The Bound Volume of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for last year (1897) is now ready. Price \$1.50 in cloth cover; \$1.25 in paper covers.

## THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

## FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

## FIFTH SERIES.

## II.

NEW YORK, July, 1898.

SIR:—This war with Spain has already accomplished great things. It has united the North and South as no other event could have done. General Fitzhugh Lee marches arm in arm with General Fred Grant at the head of an army composed of many of those who wore the blue and the grey thirty-three years ago. How the spirits of General Ulysses S. Grant and General Robert E. Lee must rejoice at the spectacle! We are now one Nation of freemen, the greatest on earth. It is the Lord's doing, and holy is His name; even as the cause for which the American people have entered upon this war is holy.

It has accomplished another event scarcely less in importance and significance to the union of all the States: namely, the setting forth of the Roman Catholic Church in its true light, in its true attitude toward our great Republic. This war has proved that your Church is not only sullen and silent in the prosecution of the naval and military operations that tend to the destruction of Spanish power, but that the sympathies of all true Roman Catholics in every country, here and in Europe, are with Spain in this contest. You gave the keynote to all Roman Catholics when you said a few days after the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor, that the dastardly crime was committed by the fiendish Cubans. Even while you charged them with this foul deed, you were careful not to state that they were true Roman Catholics. It was enough for you that they were in rebellion against the mother country, "the pet child of the Pope," and that they were heroically struggling for freedom from the cruel barbarous rule of Spain, to stigmatise them as fiends. When those Cubans obtain their freedom there will be a day of reckoning with you, but I hope and pray it will take the form of leaving your Church and becoming good Christians.

I could quote hundreds of extracts from your Church papers and the addresses of the bishops and priests to prove that all of you, as Roman Catholics true to the Pope and obedient to his commands, are opposed to this war and against our Republic in this crisis of our history. This is a Protestant Nation waging war against the most Catholic country in the world, and no true Catholic could pray for our success against their co-religionists. All Roman Catholic theologians agree on this point, even as they are unanimous in declaring that no true Catholic could contribute money for the erection of Protestant churches—temples of heresy, as you call them.

Leaving the war aside for the present, for our Army and Navy now in possession of Cuba, will soon settle that question, I must call your attention to the dissensions that exist in your own ranks. Last May Archbishop Corrigan, of this city, celebrated the silver jubilee of his ele-



vation to the episcopate, and the event was marked conspicuously by the omission of a gift from the Pope and the absence of Archbishop Ireland and yourself and the other so-called "liberal" prelates in this country.

Commenting on this fact, the New York *Herald* of May 22 had a long article, in which the foulest accusations are made against members of the hierarchy, especially Archbishop Ireland. He posed in Washington as the advocate of peace in the interests of Spain, but the *Herald* says, or rather the friends of Archbishop Corrigan and the Jesuits say that his object was to barter the cause of Spain for money for himself. The *Herald* quotes a prominent Roman Catholic in this city as follows:

"Archbishop Corrigan had no part in the negotiations between Washington and Rome looking to the avoidance of war between the United States and Spain, whereas Archbishop Ireland was prominent throughout. From all these things arises the question, To what extent, if any, is the star of the Western prelate in the ascendant and that of the metropolitan of New York obscured?

"It is unfortunate," he continued, "that these matters should be commented upon at this time, for if allowed to rest they would disappear as problems for discussion. Take the matter of the red hat, for instance, which Rome decided several months ago to bestow upon Archbishop Corrigan. There have been numerous announcements, made irresponsibly, that the bestowal was imminent, yet all were premature. Rome moves slowly, it must be remembered, and there are cross purposes and secret influences at work there as much as in any political centre.

"The reason for the failure of the Vatican to send an anniversary gift is included in the story of the peace negotiations. The one bears strongly upon the other. Primarily, it should be borne in mind that Archbishop Ireland went to Washington at the time when the nations were on the verge of war for the purpose of raising money. As the story was explained to me on high authority, he came in contact with a prominent official of the Government, in pursuit of his purpose, who proposed an exchange of good offices—financial aid for the Church, as against the influence of Rome, exerted upon Spain, wholly, bear in mind, for the maintenance of peace. The world knows the history of the negotiations. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Keane and Dr. O'Connell were the prime movers on this side of the water. They failed.

"Thus it will be seen that Archbishop Ireland's prominence in the negotiations was not a mark of especial favor from Rome. There was nothing to prevent Archbishop Corrigan from working also for peace. Nevertheless, it is altogether probable that his attitude of silence and aloofness may have affected Rome's regard for the celebration of his jubilee. If a gift were to be sent to him, it should have been forwarded at least a month in advance of the anniversary, which would bring the date in the midst of the peace negotiations which claimed the attention of the whole world. Among the secretaries and prelates who surround the Pope there may have arisen the feeling that the Archbishop was displaying a blameworthy lack of interest in the peace negotiations."

Disintegration awaits your Church in this country, Cardinal. May God hasten the day. Yours truly, JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

